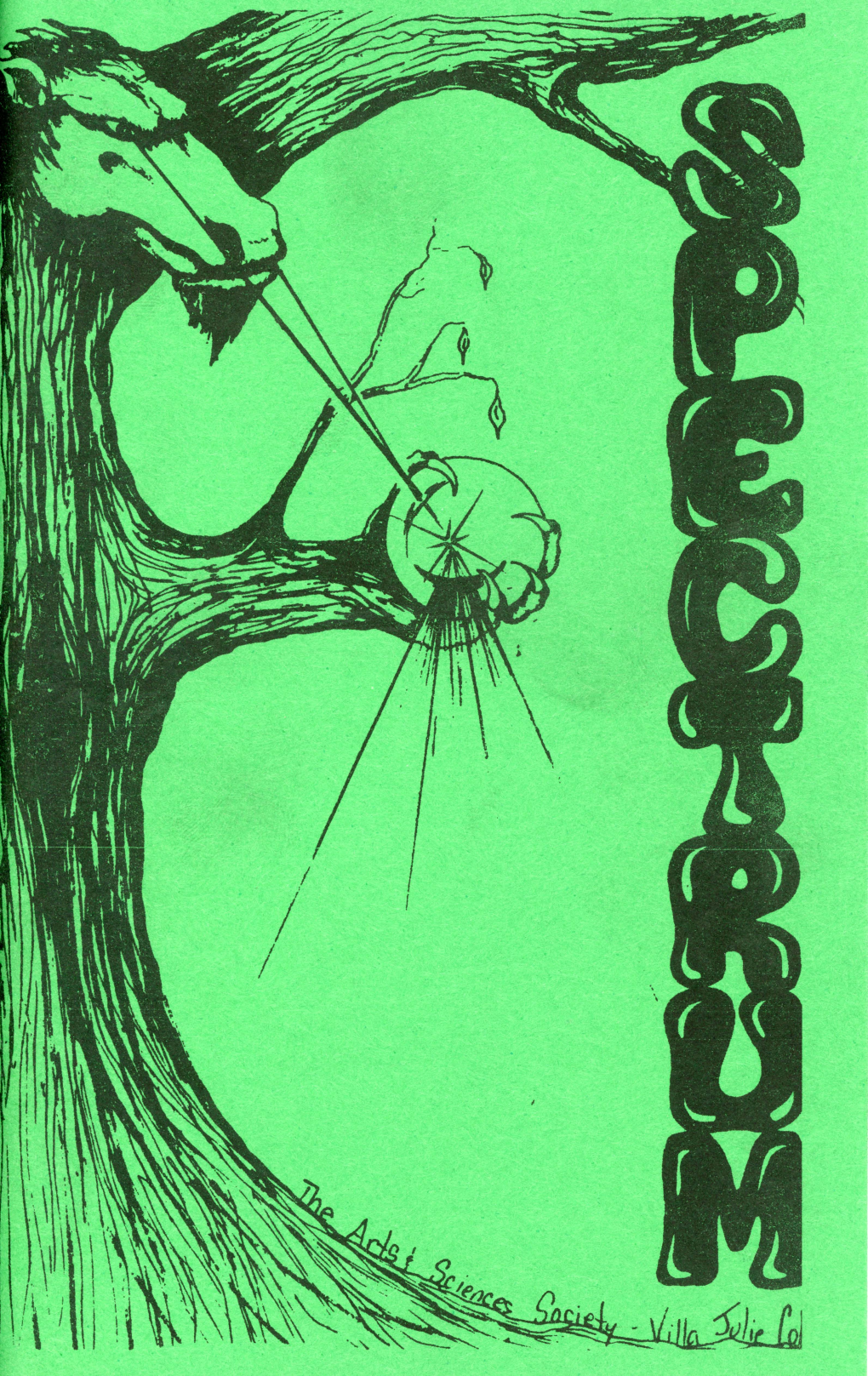
SPECTRUM
The Arts & Sciences Society - Villa Julie Col

S P E C T R U M

A Letter From The *SPECTRUM* Staff:

SPECTRUM was published because you, the students, expressed a desire to have a forum to show your creative talents and writing abilities. We, in the Arts and Sciences Society, decided to join forces and produce Villa Julie's first writing magazine. This magazine showcases not only creative writing but also academic writing. This is our effort to see that your writing abilities are recognized by everyone here at Villa Julie.

We hope to see *SPECTRUM* continued in the following years and that you, the students, continue to submit your written works. It is only through your interest and efforts that this publication can be produced. Although this year's *SPECTRUM* was produced in-house, we feel that with renewed student interest year after year, *SPECTRUM* will become bigger and better and will also become a favorite Villa Julie tradition.

Welcome to ***SPECTRUM!***

Christine M. Jones, Editor
S. Jean Simmons, Coordinator
Rachel A. Ellis, Coordinator

Spring 1992

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Arts and Sciences Society would like to extend their gratitude to some very special people who have helped ***SPECTRUM*** come alive. Without their support and help, we would never have gotten this project off the ground.

CAROL SAPORA
JERRY VAN AKEN
CHARLES BARANOWSKI
KAREN M. WALKER
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VILLA JULIE COLLEGE
Stevenson, Maryland

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Cheri Schweizer

ODE TO PARENTS OF MODERN TEENAGERS

Back in the sixties, teens dreamed of a car,
An old Ford or Chevy to carry them far;
But even in dreams, they dared nothing new,
Spare, rusty old parts from Auto Shop would do.
So long ago, teens cruised all over town
In home-made Jalopies or Dad's hand-me-down;
Anything that had wheels was considered a prize,
Who cared about brand names, gas mileage or size!

But now teens begin at the age of fourteen
To badger their parents for cars they have seen;
It starts as a form of childhood toy envy
To the day they are licensed, it turns to a frenzy.
The question's not "if," but "How soon 'til I get it?
My very own Bobcat or Cougar or Rabbit?"
They plead for sleek Mustangs and Broncos and Colts,
But not with four feet, rather price tags that jolt.
What happened to Eagles that soar through blue yonder?
To teens, "birds" are either Sun, Fire or Thunder.

Teens dream of convertible Cabriolets
Or Camaros and Barettas by Chevrolet.
In a showroom, teens head for the shiny Corvette
While parents are gasping at the price of Chevettes.
While parents are weighing the merits of imports,
The kids are declaring they don't want an Escort.
The teen wants a 240-XS to drive,
Or a Probe or a "Beemer" 535.
Teen dreams usually feature a Porsche or Mercedes;
Dad's wallet can't cover an old, used Dodge Aires.

Modern teens want a Celica, MR2 or Miata,
A Supra, a 4-Runner or Buick Reatta.
Anything 4 X 4 would be great to teens all,
But it must be expensive if it has to be small.
No one wants a Geo, Hyundai or Yugo coupe,
Last choice for a teen is a red Storm or Scoupe.
Boys like small pick-ups and Wranglers by Jeep,
But nowadays even small vehicles aren't cheap!
When a teen wants a Honda, he means an Accord,
But a Honda with two wheels is all Dad can afford.

If a teen shows excitement at the sight of Dodge Stealth,
Parents start worrying of hazards to their wealth.
A Le Baron or Le Sabre or an Acura Integra,
Riviera, Corsica, Jetta, Stanza or Cressida,
A Grand Prix, Grand Marquis, Camry or 300Z,
Infinity or Mitsubishi all cause parental bankruptcy!
So does a Suzuki, Subaru or Isuzu,
But the foremost feature for today's teen is "New."

Your teen wants to cruise in a sporty Fiero,
But your budget can't take more than a Dodge Shadow.
The alternative is to keep running "Mom's Taxi,"
So expect that your credit will stretch to the maxi.
And add up the money for more gas and maintenance,
Plus the whopping big bill from State Farm for insurance!
So, parents, prepare for when a car he/she begs;
Smile and reply, "Nothing beats a great pair of legs."

FATHER EGG

Porous and white,
we dipped their heads
into blue vinegar

and dyed our box-nails, too--
both bitten and
jaggedly shaped,
they looked like televisions
featuring Cousteau documentaries--

blue.

We ate fat pretzels
and watched "Love Boat"
because it was always Saturday night,

and I was always home with you
then
unhatched

and blue--
we housed them in
yellow foam nests
'til morning

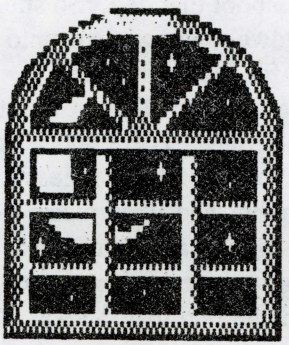
when you took snapshots
of me
eating jelly beans

and the sun was a hard-boiled yolk

Meri Beth Quinan

A SHRIEK OF TERROR

Hazy, pale moon in the dark blue sky
Shining so brightly throughout the night;
Luminous stars twinkle and numerous crickets sing
A glimpse of peace, we suddenly gain.
Abruptly the silence is disturbed,
While the shrieks of terror are widely heard.
Everyone hussles to the scene
And finds a young student fast asleep;
And What was the scream so forcefully heard?
The effect of a nightmare derived from too much work.



SWIMMING UNDERWATER

The summer before her mother died they all joined a pool club.

Those had been sad times but they were happy, too. Her mother joked about how the sun glinted off her bald head, and she and her father had laughed and laughed. On the last night of summer, there had been a midnight luau. They had danced together, a threesome.

Then her mother died.

And despite all her protestations, her father signed the two of them up for the pool again.

It wouldn't be the same, she argued. It would never be the same.

But her father only stared blankly down at her and said nothing. He very often said nothing these days, and all the muscles in his face had stiffened into a nothing look.

Memorial Day came and her father announced that they would go to the pool that day. So she ignored her best instincts and packed a towel and swimsuit into a duffel bag. Her father waited outside for her in the car.

Wordlessly, she climbed into the back seat and off they went on their journey. There was no radio in the car; or really, there was, but for her father, at least, it did not exist.

Her mother had liked music very much.

They stopped at a McDonald's and she ordered a Big Mac. They ate in the car. Her father asked her if anything was the matter, and she said that she was considering not eating meat any more. He asked her why she had ordered a Big Mac then, and she said she didn't know. Then he turned his face away from hers and she knew that he was crying and she felt bad. But she didn't know what to say so she kept quiet.

Her father collected himself after a bit and they drove to the pool club. The facility was a glitzy affair, secluded amongst hedges and pines for privacy. The casual passerby could sometimes catch a glimpse of bare arm or red spandex, but mostly there was only the curl of mesquite-smelling smoke rising from somewhere inside.

The entrance attendant recognized them and didn't ask for their membership cards, which was good because they had forgotten them. She stepped in, shading her eyes against the brilliant sun, and immediately her back straightened up, and her walk was daintier, and she went right to a table as if she owned the property. Her father followed.

She'd just hit adolescence the year before and so she entered the blue-tiled changing room blushing and ashamed. She undressed in a bathroom stall, instead of the locker like the other girls. When she stepped into the sun again, she artfully draped her towel over herself, trying hard to be nonchalant. But she still felt horribly embarrassed, and she rubbed at the goosebumps on her pale arms.

Her father sat at the picnic table, still fully dressed in a polo shirt and khaki shorts, smearing sunblock on his knees. He seemed so thin and unobtrusive, not like the other pool men who sported sunburns even in April and smelled of beer and Old Spice. Her father had thrown his bathing trunks out last summer after the luau.

She lay her towel down by the edge and lowered herself into the water. It was freezing cold; last year, it had been warmer. But that was later in the season, she thought.

She did like to swim. Her mother had always told her that she was a water baby. She liked that image of herself, shrieking and gurgling in the bathtub, splashing her mother with shampoo. She didn't actually remember, but it was a pleasant thought. She'd been thinking it a lot lately.

There weren't many people in the pool. It was still early summer and most of the members wouldn't brave the water until July. Only a few children splashed around in the shallows; she had the deep all to herself.

She tread water for a while and did some laps. Then she pushed up against the side of the pool and tensed, proposing to dive under. She kicked off and felt the rush of water around her ears.

The world for a split second was a clear, crystal blue.

Then suddenly her head was up, she was choking and sputtering out water that tasted of chlorine. She snorted water up her nose and gagged.

She laughed at herself silently, and dove under again.

And the same thing happened. And a third time. The lifeguard was eyeing her strangely, probably wondering why she was trying so hard to drown herself.

Finally, she gave up and climbed, defeated out of the pool. She stood shivering in the hard light of the sun and reproached herself for forgetting.

Her father beckoned her to the table and after she dried off a bit, he asked her if anything was wrong. Of course not, she replied. Why would anything be wrong?

But he looked at her and she knew that he knew. And she saw that he had forgotten how to swim underwater, too, only in a different way. And her heart filled up with love for him, her poor lost father. She vowed that she would protect him and help him remember.

But she never really swam any more.

THE SINGLES' SCENE

Strut---
  Big Shot---
    Mr. Cool---
Big time Joe strikes again
Gonna land a hit tonite
down there where the neon lites
blaze in your face.
Watch the chicks do their stuff
dudes drink booze
and shoot the breeze.
Nothing new---
  Same routine---
    Will it ever change?

GLASS SOLDIER

One glass soldier in my hands
as I gaze across the barren lands.
With an unpredictable lifetime of months, days, or now,
sometimes as sacred as a cow.
Some like to strip him of his pride
and all like to consume what's inside.
His helmet ripped from his head, tossed,
or flipped, almost forever lost
which is only a fraction of the cost.
He's used to some from the cold,
his time will come when it's time to be bold.
The worst years are yet to come
his present life is halfway done.
He hears my words of confusion and sorrow
as time closer approaches tomorrow.
Some consider his next place
while the rest of us will never recognize his face
Because now he is naked and will again have a new uniform on
His body filled inside with new life,
How could one ever regain his pride.
Before this new destination, he is orbited into the air
because his last owner did not care.
I don't care!
Most wait for that sound
When his body hits the ground
If he's lucky he'll survive and
wish that he was not alive.
Beyond his life, a period unknown
he's like a seed when it is sown,
One day he'll be found and reaped
to be given new life on just to keep.

TUNNEL

the two-mile span of drowning
smells like diesel and sounds like
air
thrusting itself into empty bottles.

I am thirsty and taste light
in a series of red signals
like raspberry
coming on/coming off
like a rash.

the world is rushed and dim and
confused with high-beam stars and
tolls to be sucked by a vacuum
of liquid-light concrete

where the sun of the city
brings morning in half circles,
as a dirty and buoyant mouth.

Marie Zellhofer

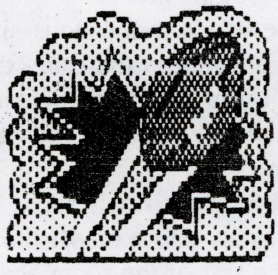
A PARODY OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

I have married
your only son
the one you were saving
for a wealthy bride

Forgive me
he was wonderful
so loving
and so strong.

MAN vs. BOY

Within the shell of what you see
is a man struggling to be
an entrepreneur or an artist;
either road, he will make you proudest.
The shackles you put on
can only become tough and worn.
What you claim as a birthright,
has clouded all of your sight.
Through this he has reserved the notion
that dreams are true devotion.
If you happen to trip into his mind
realize you've entered lands of a different kind.
Will you acknowledge that this is still your son
when the passageways are enclosed
and the journey is begun?



SKEETER DOG

Skeeter was five years old back then, black, silver and grey with four white snowshoe paws. In the winter months, his outer fur was long and bristly, much like a wolf's. I could separate his fur with my fingers revealing the tightly woven mat of hair that afforded him insulation and protection from the freezing cold temperatures that were the norm in the Wind Rivers.

His dog house was made of cedar, and his bed was nothing more than aromatic cedar shavings piled inside. He had a musky dog-like scent, but depending on the season of the year, he could in turn smell like soil, snow or stream but always the cedar would leave its sweet aroma on him.

Skeeter's mom was an Alaskan Husky, a champion sled dog that had led a dog team to victory in the grueling Ididerod on two occasions; his dad, an enormous black Newf work dog, weighing well over 100 pounds. I picked Skeeter from a litter of squealing pups by the way he looked at me as I held him at eye level to examine his features. His fuzzy, dark puppy fur had silver coloring fanning upward from his eyelids and blending to blonde at his brows. It gave him the appearance of having over applied eye makeup. As I looked at his little face, he gazed right back at me, quizzically raising his left eyebrow as if to say, "What are you looking at?"

Because of his tremendous size and playful demeanor, Skeeter wasn't allowed in the cabin that I called "home." One swipe of his tail was usually sufficient to clear the dinner table. Skeeter wasn't happy indoors anyway; not enough room and much too warm.

The cabin was a single room built from lodge pole pine logs. There was an extension off the back that helped separate my bed from the rest of the room and an alcove just large

enough for a small oak table used for dining. Structurally and aesthetically, the main feature of the cabin was a stone fireplace that took up the entire north wall. A wood stove protruded another two and a half feet into the living area and was the main source of heat and cooking. The outside logs of the cabin had been extremely well chinked; there were no drafts to speak of. With a well stoked fire blazing, the cabin was very cozy, perfect for one boy and sometimes, his dog.

Once every two or three months, Skeeter and I would head into the Ranger Station to pick up mail and gather the provisions that restocked our larder. It was a good thirty miles from the cabin if we took the shortcut. Skeeter and I could make the trip to the Station in two and a half to three days if the weather held. The return trip always took longer because our newly purchased supplies slowed our pace.

I woke up early that Saturday. It was about five degrees below zero inside the cabin, normal temperature for a December morning in the Wind Rivers. I was cold, but decided not to make a fire because we would be leaving in just a short time. I slithered out of bed, clothed only in a single layer of longjohns, my favorite red union suit, and some thick wool socks. To me, this was the worst part of the day. Not so much the waking up as the things that were necessary once I awoke. Suffice it to say, no modern conveniences were available in the cabin. A cold, ceramic chamber pot was the alternative to actually opening the door and going outside. As I sat shivering on the edge of my bed, I could imagine the feeling of subzero air on my bare skin and that cold chamber pot. Looking up, I could see Skeeter examining me through the glass insert next to the front door. Condensation from his breath had formed a lacy, frozen veil from his eyelashes down to this jowls. And from underneath this icy mask, he raised his left eyebrow and gazed into my eyes as though he was asking, "What are you doing?"

My gear had been packed the night before, extra clothing for me, including plenty of wool socks, boots and gloves. Our food consisted mainly of some dried pemmican, dried fruit, and three cans of pork and beans. Additional supplies were mostly hardgear: pack shovel, nylon line, butane stove, first-aid kit, and survival kit. Now all that was left to do was dress and rig the sled up to Skeeter Dog.

I donned wool knickers, a turtleneck, a wool flannel shirt, a sweater, and finally, a Gore-Tex shell. Layering clothing made it easier to adjust for changes in temperature. Leather Raichle backcountry touring boots were slipped onto my feet and securely tied. I then wrapped my gaiters around each calf and snapped them closed, forming a tight seal from my boots to the bottom of my knickers. A hook at the front of each gaiter was attached to the front boot lace. This would keep them from riding up. A nylon web strap on the outside pulled the bottom of the gaiter tightly toward the shank of the boot, and this connected to a buckle on the inside. I was set to go and was beginning to work up a sweat.

The front door opened inward by design; it prevented any new snowfall from trapping me inside. Each morning, I would spend a few minutes shoveling the previous night's accumulation away from the doorway, and each morning, I would be met by Skeeter's usual greeting ritual.

The sun had not yet risen above the mountaintops but had already painted the sky a breathtaking collage of purple and orange. The mountains and tree tops looked like a dozen whiskered chins silhouetted against a canvas of complimentary colors. In the distance, I could make out several head of elk disguised as dark shapes, heading back up the mountain to bed down for the day. Skeeter saw the elk, too, and whined in frustration, knowing he was not allowed to chase them.

"Get your sledge, Skeet! Go get your sledge!" I commanded. In an instant, Skeeter had totally forgotten about the herd of elk and ran off to obey. Then I piled the gear outside and made one last trip inside the cabin to look around making sure the fire from the previous night was completely out.

Suddenly, Skeeter Dog appeared with his sledge, barely able to contain his excitement. Visions of his mother flashed through my mind as Skeeter raced toward me with the braided nylon sledge lead clenched between his teeth. Puffs of his warm breath, like clouds of steam from a locomotive, trailed behind him as he ran.

Rigging his sledge was simple; a long lead or "trace" was connected to the front of the sledge. The trace was then attached to an iron O-ring on Skeeter Dog's leather harness. His harness had been made to fit, and was only removed for an occasional repair or adjustment. The sledge itself was made of ash. It was a platform of planks about two feet wide, resting on parallel runners, six inches high and six feet long. The runners were shod with strips of teflon, so that they would glide easily over the ice or snow. At the rear of the sledge were two three foot uprights that enabled me to help Skeet maneuver over difficult terrain. Directly in front of the uprights was a pine box used to store most of the heavy gear and supplies. It also helped weight the back of the sledge, which allowed it to ride high at the front, making it easier for Skeet to pull.

Once I had finished rigging Skeet to the sledge, I began loading the equipment and gear: heavy things at the rear, and soft, bulky items in the center. My goal was to travel light and leave plenty of room for the new provisions that we would be taking on. Loading and securing the equipment took only a few minutes.

Skeeter was ready. The small thermometer attached to the zipper of my outer jacket read four degrees above zero; we had to get going. I put on my skis, grabbed my poles, and began pushing and striding, trying to pick up enough speed to "skate" across the crusty top layer of snow. Without looking back, I knew Skeeter was behind me; I could hear the rhythm-like beat of his paws tapping the hard snow.

As the sun rose above the jagged peaks of the Rocky Mountains, I welcomed its warmth, but I knew I should make it to Porcupine Pass before it warmed too much.

Crossing Porcupine Pass was the shortest route to the Ranger Station. It was also the most dangerous, especially in winter. High above the treeline at 13,000 feet above sea level, it was the perfect spot for an avalanche to occur. A frozen mantle of ice formed a glacier which covered the leeward-side of the pass year round. Summertime crossings were relatively easy, but once ten or fifteen feet of dry, fluffy powder snow had accumulated atop the hard, slippery surface, the story changed. As long as the overlying snow stayed frozen, crossing the Pass was not difficult.

Our cadence had been established and we moved at a good clip. I knew it wouldn't be long before the Pass was in sight. I estimated another twenty to thirty minutes before we would emerge from the tall pines and reach its base.

We left the last sparse stand of wind-gnarled, twisted pines behind us as we advanced beyond the treeline. From here on out, we would travel across open snow. As the sun rose higher into the cloudless sky, the snow began to soften. It stuck to the bottoms of my skis, making it difficult to keep up the momentum. Looking over my right shoulder, I could see that Skeeter Dog was having the same problem: the sledge was no longer able to ride on a hard surface and had begun to sink into the softened snow.

By the time we reached the base of Porcupine Pass, the sun was directly overhead. I stopped for a few minutes to analyze our plan of ascent. Skeeter came alongside of me and I noticed that his breathing was not even labored after pulling the sledge for almost five hours. He looked toward the Pass and then back to me, raising his left eyebrow, apparently sizing up our situation.

I searched through one of the ruck sacks for the two fifty foot lengths of red nylon line. I tied the end of the first one to the O-ring on Skeet's harness and tossed it behind him so that it would trail after and not interfere with the sledge. I wrapped the second line around my waist and tossed the bitter end out behind me, then removed my pole straps from my wrists.

"Let's do it, Skeet!", I yelled. With that, we began our ascent. "Stay here with me, Skeeter!", I instructed. I needed to stay slightly downhill from Skeeter to keep him from running the sledge over my avalanche cord. Since Porcupine Pass was roughly at a 38 degree angle, several traverses would have to be made before we would reach the summit. Because of the steepness of the slope, I was no longer able to skate; instead, I had to use a "diagonal stride," swinging my left arm and right leg forward at the same time and vice versa.

Leeward slopes often form avalanches and are the hardest to predict, but the farther we went, the less nervous I became. Now the summit was within reach and the "fracture line" or danger zone would soon be below us.

Pausing briefly to let Skeeter catch his breath, I noticed how calm and quiet everything was. The undisturbed silence and beauty was a reminder to me of why I had chosen this kind of life: hard, cold and strenuous. And a reminder that this magnificent scene that lay before me was worth every hardship I had endured.

A movement to my left snapped me back to reality. Skeeter had become anxious to move on. As he slowly padded forward, I could hear a hollow sound beneath his feet. I knew this sound! I had heard it before. We were so close to the summit now; so close! A rumbling noise confirmed my fears. "Skeeter! Skeeter, run!" I yelled. Skeeter sensed what was happening. He bolted at an angle to the slide, desperately trying to outrun it. Groans escaped from his mouth with each tortuous step. I watched as he turned his head to see where I was. Our eyes met for an instant with a look that said everything I could ever hope from a best friend.

I furiously thrusted my ski poles into the moving ocean of snow. A giant slab of snow had broken loose from the rift above me. At that instant, I knew I wasn't going to make it to the summit! My actions were useless against the tremendous force of the avalanche. Instinctively, I let go of my poles and pointed the tips of my skis downhill. In my mind, the worst thing that could happen in a snowslide would be getting skewered by one's own ski pole. I was shushing straight down the face of Porcupine Pass! I was speeding, tearing, racing down a steep, precipitous face of a glacier, running...no...skiing, for my life. Tears began to form in the corners of my eyes from the wind. They streamed down my face and froze on my cheeks.

My efforts were in vain, for the avalanche had exponentially grown in size and speed. I swam hard to stay as close to the surface as possible. The last thing I remember was, "Please let Skeeter be all right."

Darkness...freezing cold darkness. My first inclination was to get out of bed and build a nice, warm fire. Dazed, and disoriented, it took me several panicking moments to realize that I wasn't in my bed in my cabin after all and that building a blazing fire in my woodstove was not an option.

Losing control was not an option either. Once I had regained my bearings, I prioritized in my mind what had to be done in order for me to survive. It would be necessary for me to dig myself out of this icy crypt, but first I would need to determine in which direction I would have to dig. The avalanche had done a job of tumbling me every which way as if I were a rag doll in a spin drier. Wiggling my head back and forth, up and down, I was able to create a small gap between my face and the snow. I did this until I had created about three to four inches of space. I gathered as much saliva together in my mouth as I could and forced it out of my mouth. Gravity would tell me the direction to dig. The spittle landed on my upper lip, freezing instantly. "Ah ha!" I thought to myself, or maybe I said it out loud, "Now I can get out of here!"

The concept was good. Good enough to keep me going for a time. One problem that presented itself was in the form of space. I had no place to put the snow that I was removing! I was successful in transferring the snow from my numb hands up to my shoulders, but this was not helping me to escape. Another problem was breathing! My air supply had nearly diminished. My lungs burned with each labored breath and I was unable to satisfy my body's need for oxygen. I could fee my mind begin to wander, and I found it more and more difficult to focus on surviving.

Hours seemed to pass as I drifted in and out of consciousness. A warm blanket of comfort settled gently over me. I was at peace with myself, having succumbed to the will of the snow and let the sound of my beating heart lull me to sleep.

A sudden jerk awakened me. My face slammed into the hard snow above me. My hips felt as if they were being separated from the rest of my body! "What is going on?" I thought, or maybe I said it out loud. It was painful! Again, my

hips smacked into the snow that was piled over me. Blood was dripping out of my nose as my face rammed repeatedly into the solid layer of condensation that had frozen above me. Whatever was happening had my attention.

One last time my hips were pulled hard against the roof of my snowy coffin. This time there was no forgiving release. The pressure was unbearable. I wanted to cry out, to scream! My mouth was open but no sound emerged. I was being pulled through a wall of snow! With a sound like a million raindrops falling onto a bed of red hot embers, I was suddenly freed from my icy grave. The force that propelled me upward was enough to launch me ten feet away from the pit.

I rolled over onto my back, seeking bright, yellow warmth of the noonday sun. Dizziness began to fade as I immersed myself in the fresh air. I had to look around to assure myself that I had not been dreaming. Slowly, I raised myself up on my elbows and wiped the snow and blood from my face. There, directly in front of me, was a vision more beautiful than all the sunsets or snowscapes I would ever see. I wiped my eyes with the back of my hand in disbelief. It was Skeeter Dog! He was sitting on his haunches while his thick tail fanned flecks of snow into a mini-blizzard. Minute snow balls dangled from his body like shiny Christmas ornaments and steam rose from his fur as the sun warmed his coat.

Skeeter stared directly into my eyes with his left eyebrow raised in that quizzical look of his. Clenched between his strong jaws was a length of red, nylon line . . . my avalanche cord.

T. P. O. T. O.

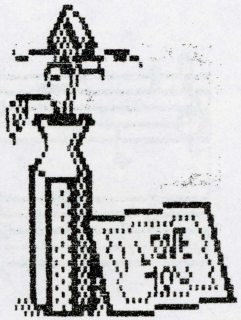
Sometimes poetry comes unbidden after seeing something that touches not only your mind, but your emotions and heart as well. This poem was written after seeing "The Phantom of the Opera"* performed on Broadway.

Pitiful creature of the night.
Angel of Music, horrific sight!
Sweet tender words that are softly spoken,
A magical spell which cannot be broken.
Sing to me and enchant my soul,
Make me feel the words that flow.
Haunting notes that fill the air
Caress the shadows that are hiding there.
And then to sleep, so close the door,
Sleep, sleep, forever more.

Laurie Forrester

A TRICKLE OF ROSE

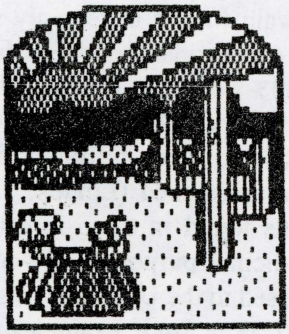
A trickle of rose,
slides down my worn face.
Could we talk
or must we hide behind this screen of lace?
As you move close,
the memories I can trace.
Hold my hand please,
through this unbeatable race.



LIFE 101!

It was once said that variety is the spice of life.
For me, challenge, adventure, stretching my mind
are varieties of the very best kind.
To go beyond your narrow little world,
into some unknown halls
Keeps your mind from forming cobwebs
and dust balls.

To think, to do, to apply your knowledge
and search for more
is the key that opens life's door.
Retreat not into a world on which you can depend.
Go forth and share life with a new found friend.
Living is interaction,
based on mutual interests and attraction.



Donna Ann Tocker

TROPICAL RAIN FORESTS: OUR VANISHING TREASURES

As the world's population increases, the earth's natural resources are being consumed at an alarming rate. Intensified industrialization and development have resulted in the heightened pollution and destruction of the earth. Among the many natural habitats disappearing today, the most significant are the tropical rain forests.

As countries try to feed their natives and raise cash to pay off international debts, tropical rain forests are cut down and burned for the land to be used for logging operations, cattle ranches, and farms (Linden, "Death . . ." 34). To encourage impoverished locals to settle in the rain forests, some governments offer tax incentives and allow settlers to lay claim to the land that they clear (Linden, "Playing . . ." 79). The consequences of such practices far outweigh the benefits. When we destroy the rain forests, we lose much more than just trees. Millions of species of plant and animal life are wiped out as well as the livelihoods of many people.

Tropical rain forests cover only seven percent (7%) of the earth's surface yet contain between fifty percent (50%) and eighty percent (80%) of the world's plant and animal species. According to University of Pennsylvania biologist Daniel Janzen, of the estimated five to thirty million different species, only 1.7 million have been researched (Linden, "Death . . ." 32). The animals and plants found in these forests are very valuable to scientists for medicinal purposes. Twenty five percent of the pharmaceuticals used in the U.S. today contain ingredients found in wild plants (32,33). Some examples of medicines produced from tropical plants are digitalis from foxglove, atropine from

belladonna, morphine from poppy, and quinine from the bark of the cinchona tree ("Extinction is Forever" 96).

Scientists also depend upon tropical plants and animals for research. Researchers have discovered at least 75,000 different plants that have edible parts. More importantly, because of new technological breakthroughs, scientists are able to improve certain crops by transferring genes from wild plants (Linden, "Death . . . " 33).

Animals, too, are important for research as they contain from one million to ten billion pieces of information in their genetic codes. Biologists have just begun to study these codes but will not be able to continue if the destruction persists (Wilson 114).

Today, the tropics are being deforested at the rate of 54 acres per minute, and as many as six species of animals are being killed every hour (Conant 140). Scientists estimate that if this continues, five to ten percent of the rain forests' species will become extinct every ten years ("Extinction . . . " 96).

The greenhouse effect is another serious problem intensified by the deforestation of the tropics. Trees have been called the "lungs of the earth"; they remove carbon dioxide from the air and release oxygen (McCabe 14). It is estimated that the burning of tropical forests is responsible for releasing fifteen to thirty percent of the total global carbon dioxide emissions annually, thereby intensifying the greenhouse effect (Repetto 14). The greatest danger of the greenhouse effect is global warming. Many scientists agree that because of the enormous amounts of clouds it produces, the Amazon's forests play a substantial part in the way the sun's heat is distributed around the world. The build-up of carbon dioxide in the forest environment could cause disastrous effects around the globe (Linden, "Playing . . ." 78). Some scientists claim that because of global warming, the earth's temperature could shift poleward at a rate of 100 kilometers per century (Wilson 114). This would destroy wildlife preserves and

entire species' ranges because many plants and animals would not be able to migrate fast enough to keep up with the changes (114).

Economically, the tropical forests can be worth much more if left standing. As deforestation continues, governments are finally realizing the potential value of their natural resources. The harvesting of timber can be a great source of income, yet inefficient logging operations have resulted in a loss of approximately $2.5 billion to $5 billion annually. In some countries, logger have only been allowed to take two or three types of valuable trees per hectare (2.5 acres), but then they destroy the remaining species as undesirable. In other cases, loggers keep re-entering partially harvested areas before the trees have recovered, making regrowth impossible (Repetto 37).

Timber is not the only source of revenue disappearing from the tropics. The rain forests yield many valuable products such as rattan, bamboo, oils, herbs for cosmetics, nuts, fruits, and rubber ("Saving . . ." 11). In fact, studies have shown that nut and fruit harvesting can generate six times the income that logged trees would bring (Morell 7). According to Stephen Schwartzman of the Environmental Defense Fund, seringueiros (rubber tappers) make more money tapping rubber than do farmers and cattle ranchers (Linden, "Playing . . ." 82).

Another source of potential income is "chemical prospecting." This term is used to describe the process of canvassing the tropics and other forest regions to find useful chemicals in plants and animals before they become extinct. Cornell biologist, Thomas Eisner, argues that not only would this process bring money to Third World countries, but it would also greatly benefit pharmaceutical and chemical companies around the world. For example, Eli Lilly and Company holds the exclusive rights to vincristine, a drug produced by the Madagascar rosy periwinkle. The annual sales of the drug

cyclosporin, which is used in organ transplant operations, have reached $100 million after only five years on the U.S. market ("Extinction . . ." 96,97). The potential for income in the tropical forests is great, yet it may never be realized if the destruction continues.

Despite the many warnings of experts, the governments of many tropical countries are opposed to stopping the deforestation of the forests. Many of these countries have incurred huge foreign debts. The governments claim that in order to survive economically, they must develop their land as a way to produce much needed cash.

Employment opportunities are virtually non-existent in these countries so that many of the natives have relocated to the forests to try to make money as farmers ("Saving . . ." 11). Their dreams of quickly made fortunes soon fade, however, because in the rain forests, it is the trees, rather than the soil, that absorb the nutrients from dead animals and decaying plants. The trees, therefore, provide an excellent natural protection for the nutrient-poor soil. When the trees are burned to clear the land for farming, the ashes make the soil much more fertile. Without the protective cover of the trees, however, the soil quickly wears out. After three or four years of continuous farming, the crop yields decline so severely that the land has to be abandoned (Linden, "Playing . . ." 79). The settlers then move on to other areas of land, and the destruction starts all over again. The "slash and burn" method of clearing land destroyed as many as 20 million acres in 1987 alone (Morell 7).

Conversion of forest land into cattle ranches is another method used for generating revenue. For years, fast food restaurants in the U.S. depended heavily upon cattle ranches in Central and South America for their hamburger meat. The importation of beef to the U.S. brought income to many tropical countries. Yet, just like the land used for farming, the poor soil

on the ranches could not provide enough grass for the cattle to feed on (Wilson 110). Instead of making a profit for these countries, the cattle ranches lost money. Some surveys have shown that the meat output averaged only nine percent (9%) of what was projected, and investors lost more than half of their capital within fifteen years (Repetto 41). A study done by Charles Peters, a scientist at the New York Botanical Garden, reported that an acre of land used for cattle pasture is worth approximately $1300, whereas the same acre of land would be worth about $3600 is used for the harvesting of fruits and rubber (Shapiro 166).

The problems that the tropical countries face are very serious. Their governments must be made to realize that in the long run, the methods they now employ are going to hurt them rather than help. They need to be shown viable ways of producing income and providing employment other than through cattle ranching and farming. The tropical rain forests must be saved because deforestation destroys so much more than just trees. (Note: This document edited for space.)

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Laura Stallard

SEALED

the night is salty
as soft pretzels
and wet
and everything is closed.

outside of Dayton's chicken stand
there is a patch of ice and
rusted nails
where gulls should slide like suntan lotion
off the backs of morning cyclists.

there should be something

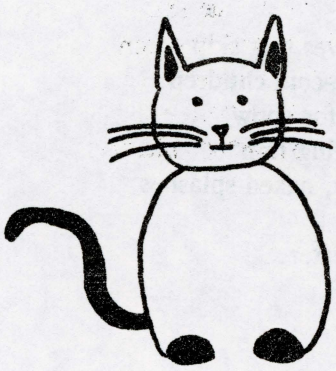
besides January wind
across my obscene, white face
and dawn

over waves that skip
like blue-cold children
praying for snow
and making rain
with shy, naked splashes

out of water.

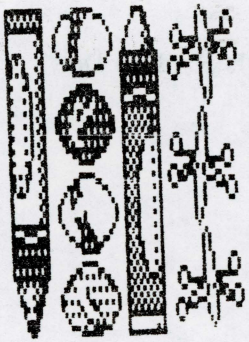
C A T

I'd always thought I'd like to be
a cat whose curiosity
took him down the path of lives
nine in all, and that's no lie.
Through curious eyes
he would pursue
that distant star
and vague dream, too.
The lust for adventure
would be worth the pain.
Seeking experience
and knowledge to gain.
And curiosity killed the cat,
but eight more lives,
what's wrong with that?



IF BLACK IS BAD

If black is bad
and white is good
could we blend the world
into a greyish light
to feel what is truly right?



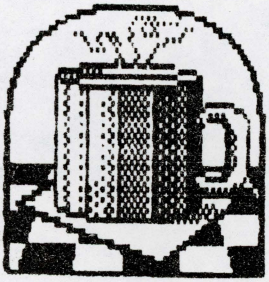
Rachel A. Ellis

W A K I N G UP IS HARD TO DO

(To be sung to the tune of "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do" by Neil Sadaka)

...They say that waking up
is hard to do,
And every morning
I feel that it's true.
Don't say that
that's the alarm!
Shake me like that one more time
and I might have to break your arm.

Don't take my blankets
away from me.
Don't you leave my flesh
in misery.
Just go set some
coffee to brew,
'cause Waking Up Is Hard To Do...



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Have fun! Be an ADSS	Jerry Van Aken
Congratulations Class of '92!	Leo F. Kuhn, Bookstore
Chemists Have Solutions!	*Carlotta and Barb*
Best wishes to ***SPECTRUM*** contributors!	Joan J. Krug
Good Luck to all Villa Julie Graduates	Security Staff
We've all made it!	D^2
THANKS! CHRISTINE, JEAN, AND RACHEL	CAROL

****

dBASE Lovers EXCEL with CASE!!!!

Congratulations Graduates

Alan Foote & Dean Cook

****

****

To All VJC Students:
I look forward to serving you as SGA President next year. If you have any questions or suggestions, please let me know.
THANKS!
Amanda Richards
SGA President-Elect

****

Chachi,
I did it! Now it's your turn! Go for it!
Luv,
Alexis
Class of '92

****

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****

Mom, Dad, and Skip!
Thanks for your patience and support.
Always,
HO-Squared

****

****

ALISON THOMPSON, M.D.

****

MWF 8:00 AM
"Up and Atom"

Patti Matterson
Patrick Feehley
Rachel A. Ellis

****

The real voyage of discovery
consists not in seeking
new landscapes but in
having new eyes---Marcel Proust

Submitted by E. Chedekel
Professional Student of Shamanism and Vision Quests

****

Live, Love, and Laugh as if every day will be your last, for one day you will be right!

John Bowen

****

****

CHECK OUT A CAREER THAT CHECKS YOU OUT

Discover the worlds of science and laboratory medicine. It's a fascinating place where professionals are detectives, a world where there are many career options. An undergraduate college education in laboratory medicine opens the door for an exciting future and advanced study.

For information on Careers in Medical Technology
See Vivi-Anne Griffey

****

Best Wishes to the Spectrum Staff and contributors

****

¡ S U E R T E !

c. noya

****

Happy 13th Birthday

to

SHIRLEY JEAN CAPWELL

♥♥ Love ♥♥

Grami

****

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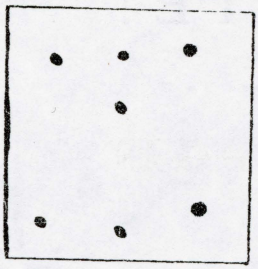
Mathematicians do it by the numbers

Draw 3 straight lines across the square so each dot is in a separate area.



Congratulations

Graduates!!

The Math Department

****

Love Your Mother

(Earth, that is)

Study Environmental Geology

Father Time

****

****

Congratulations, GRADUATES!

Welcome to the

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

****

Experiment with a **chemist**

See *D. R. Tauber* in

Chem 110 and 112 for details.

****

****

Scientists search the depths of the heavens to find answers to questions relative to our place in the universe;

Artists create images of the heavens and the inhabitants who might share the universe with us,

Neither can assure us as to how we can get to heaven.

So--join with us in the **Arts** and **Sciences Society** as we search and create. Hopefully, Heaven can wait.

Bill Talbott

****

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John J. Hoeprich
Chairman, Division of Arts & Sciences

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"The object of art is to give life a shape."

--Jean Anouilh

Congratulations

SPECTRUM

on your great shape!

The English Faculty

****

Hip! Hip! Hooray!

The Black Student Union is Coming Your Way!!!

Watch for upcoming exciting events in the fall!

The B S U

****

****

CONGRATULATIONS

to all whose works have been published!

BEST WISHES

to the ***SPECTRUM!***

Claire Moore
Director of Student Activities

****

LA TEC: VIDEO

Where Television becomes Theatre

IN SYNC - ON CUE - NOT SKEWED

Inscape Production Co. - A Community Service

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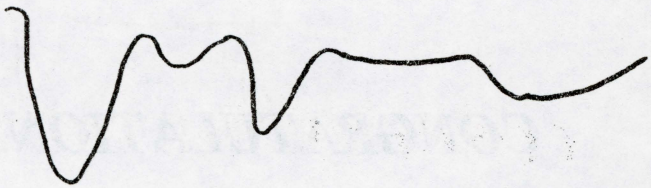
CONGRATULATIONS

On Your New Literary Venture!



WHAT'S IN YOUR WATER?

TAKE ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY FOR THE ANSWERS.

Chemistry is Fun!

Congratulations ***SPECTRUM***!

John

****

CONGRATULATIONS

to the CLASS OF '92!

From Carolyn, Rose and All
the Rest of Us at VJC

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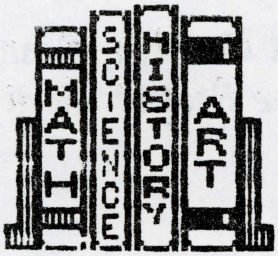
The staff of the *Villa Julie College Library* wishes the editorial and production staff of ***SPECTRUM*** the best of luck with their new publication!



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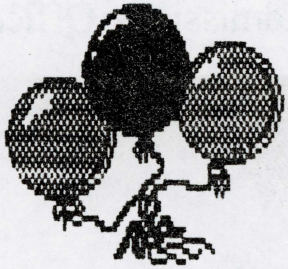
The **Student Government Association** would like to congratulate the *SPECTRUM* on its first edition.

The **SGA** would also like to thank everyone who helped make every event this year a great success.



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at the Admissions Office today!

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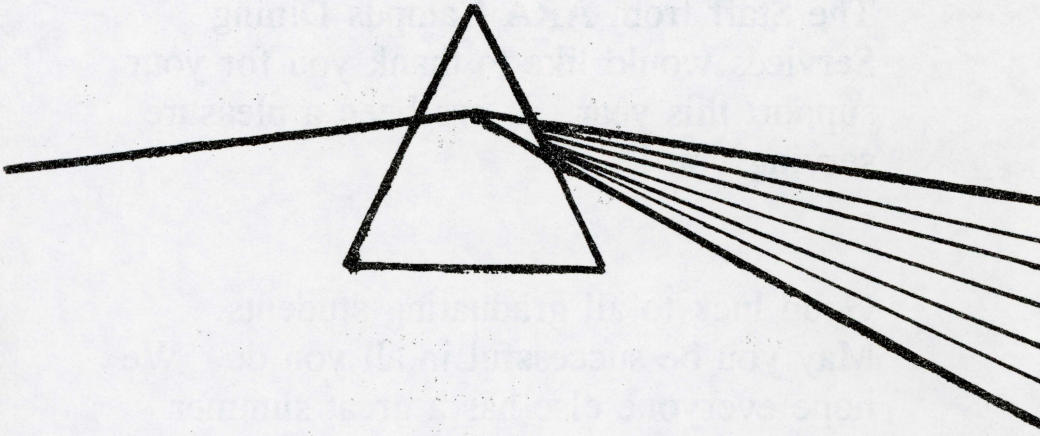
The Staff from ARA Campus Dining Services would like to thank you for your support this year. It has been a pleasure serving you!!

Good luck to all graduating students. May you be successful in all you do. We hope everyone else has a great summer and we look forward to meeting all your on-campus dining needs once again next year.

Mary Ditommasso
Food Service Director

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